

Look for Venus This Evening.
VENUS will be very close to the crescent moon early this evening, presenting a beautiful sight. In Europe, where the nearest approach occurs after sunset, the planet will be seen almost in contact with the moon, and in the lower latitudes it will pass behind the moon's southern edge.

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ROMANCE, LOVE AND MYSTERY

Pearl's Traitorous Maid Betrays a Secret to Carslake at the Masked Ball



Carslake Gets Information from His Spy.

By Fred Jackson.
Episode 15.
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WHEN Carslake slipped away to the rendezvous, Cecily was behind him—though he never knew it. She saw him meet the veiled woman in black under the Arch—and saw him divide with her the money that Cecily had given him.

Her heart was torn as she watched—for she did not know that the girl was simply a spy in Carslake's employ and that it was for spy duty that he was paying her.

If she had been near enough to them, she might have heard Pearl's maid explaining:

"Tom Carleton saved her and they're engaged. She's giving a masked ball. That's your chance to get the setting you're after. I'll sneak an invitation for you so you can pass the man at the door—and once you're inside, I'll show you where the setting is hidden. I will, that is, if you bring me another installment of back wages. I'm not going to work for you forever for nothing!"

"Patience, child, patience," said Carslake soothingly. "Prosperity is coming—greater prosperity than you or I have ever known. Stand by me and you'll not regret it!"

He laid his hand affectionately upon her arm—and Cecily watching from the shadows, felt a pain at her heart like a knife-stab.

She loved him well, poor wretched creature. Why is it women seem to cling fastest to worthless men?

The night of the masked ball came, and Cecily turned out in force to attend. Lines of cars and cabs stretched along the block in which Pearl lived and even around the corner into the next street. Mounted policemen were on duty to keep the traffic in bounds.

Crowds of curious onlookers pressed close to the canopy door-

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish	PEARL WHITE
Richard Carslake	Warner Oland
The High Priestess	Ruby Hoffman
Tom Carleton	Henry Gsell

way to catch a glimpse of the arriving notables so gorgeously costumed.

A Queen of Sheba arrived, so scantily arrayed in chiffons, so gorgeously be-jeweled, that a gasp went up from the multitude as she tripped up the carpeted steps, her tiny feet bare, save for sandals. Two huge slaves attended her, wearing rings in their ears and noses and carrying dreadful looking spiked sticks.

A monk came, peering out of the shadow of his brown hood. An Egyptian dancing-girl, with hair to her knees and eyes as large as plums moved with the jingling of many coins.

There were Indians and court beauties. Colonial games and knights in armor. There was a tramp in rags and a crowned king in velvet and ermine.

As car after car halted at the door, and the gayly arrayed revelers passed up the stairway between lines of powdered lackeys, the sounds of meriment grew louder and louder. Dance music made the night gay.

Carslake, in the garb of a Chinese Mandarin, passed the aged butler at the gateway and sought through the throng for Pearl, or her maid. Behind him, well aware of his identity, moved Cecily, in the robe of Juliette, and Juliette's pearl cap.

And here was an odd coincidence, for Pearl also had chosen to be the Fair Maid of Shakespeare's sweetest story, and Tom was playing Romeo—for that one night, at least. The High Priestess of the Violet God of Daron wore her sacred robes of order, and found them not

unsuitable in that strange assembly, nor were her Arabs in their native dress in any wise out of place.

Carslake had not wandered about more than fifteen minutes before he was accosted by Pearl's maid, who had been on the lookout for him.

"Do you come from China, sir?" she asked demurely.

"I do," he replied, as had been previously arranged. "I come in search of a magic ring. Do you know anything of it?"

"Maybe I do and maybe I don't," she answered calmly, recognizing her employer without much difficulty. "What is the color of your eyes?"

"Yellow," he answered, jingling some gold pieces in his hand and holding them out to her.

She accepted them greedily and tendered a folded square of paper in exchange. This he swiftly concealed in his voluminous sleeve ere he disappeared in the crowd.

On a Still Hunt.

He passed from the ballroom through the hallway into a sheltered reception-room and there, assuring himself that he was unobserved, examined the note. It read:

"The setting of the violet diamond is on the hill of the old scimitar in the armory room."

After taking two or three wrong turnings and being redirected by laughing, muffled figures and politely indifferent servants, he finally found his way there and began to look about among the many weapons for the one he sought.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Make Your Brother Work.
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am a girl of twenty, seeking advice.

I have a brother who is just 22. He is very attractive looking and of course the girls are crazy about him. Having lost both our parents we were shifted about. I try and keep home just as mother did, but my brother refuses to work. Now Miss Fairfax, I can't keep home on \$10 a week and support two. By that I mean my brother wants a new suit every two weeks or hat, shoes, etc. He does not think that I have to work hard as a bookkeeper for that money. I've tried to tell him, but he told a young man that works in my place of business, "What is the good of working when your sister works for you? I felt hurt over that remark and I spoke to him. He says he will not work as long as he is at home. It would break my heart to turn him out, as he was mother's ideal."

HEART-BROKEN SISTER.

FROM what you write, I gather that your brother is a weakling who is of that contemptible sort that gladly permits a woman to work for his support. In allowing this, you are doing the boy a frightful injustice. No man who has a

real respect for himself will let a woman work to support him. In working that he may be idle, you are encouraging the boy in his desire for life with ease and luxury, and in a selfish and even vicious feeling that it doesn't matter who works for him as long as her work insures him freedom from responsibility.

You aren't being fair to your mother when you encourage your brother in his contemptible stand. Of course she wouldn't want the boy she idolized to turn into the sort of creature he seems to be. Can't you make him realize that he is harming no one so much as himself—that he is spoiling his own future and cutting himself off from any chance of growing into a useful and paying occupation which would let him be a respected citizen some day? Can't you stir his ambition and give him a picture of himself as a man who accomplishes things and is looked up to by people?

If kindness won't help, he must be forced to make his own way. He may have to learn in the school of hardship and adversity, but he must be saved from turning into the most contemptible of all creatures, a man who sits back in callous brutality and lets a woman slave to support him.

You Will Find "The Vampire" a Gripping Serial—Don't Miss It



DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

SYNOPSIS OF STORY

Jonathan Harker, a London solicitor's clerk, takes a long journey to Bukovina to see Count Dracula and arrange for the transfer of an English estate to the Count. In his diary, kept in shorthand, he gives the details of his strange trip, the latter part filled with mysterious and thrilling happenings. Upon his arrival at Castle Dracula he is met by the Count and finds himself virtually a prisoner. The castle itself is a place of mystery with doors all barred, and no servants to be seen. The Count greets him warmly, but his strange personality and odd behavior cause Harker much alarm. In order not to arouse suspicion Harker leads the

PART ONE—(Continued)
WITH strength and determination like his, he might have done wild work before he was caged. He is safe now at any rate. Jack Sheppard himself couldn't get free from the strait-waistcoat that keeps him restrained, and he's chained to the wall in the padded room. His cries are at times awful, but the silence that follows are more deadly still, for he means murder in every turn and movement.

Just now he spoke coherent words for the first time:

"I shall be patient, Master. It is coming—coming—coming!"

So I took the hint, and came too. I was too excited to sleep, but this diary has quieted me, and I feel I shall get some sleep tonight.

CHAPTER IX.
Letter, Mina Harker to Lucy Westenra "Buda-Pesth, 24 August."

"My dearest Lucy—

"I know you will be anxious to hear all that has happened since we parted at the railway station at Whitby. Well, my dear, I got to Hull all right, and caught the boat to Hamburg, and then the train on here. I feel that I can hardly recall anything of the journey, except that I knew I was coming to Jonathan, and that as I should have to do some nursing, I had better get all the sleep I could.

I found my dear one, oh, so pale and pale and weak-looking. All the resolution has gone out of his dear eyes, and that quiet dignity which I told you was in his face has vanished. He is only a wreck of himself, and he does not remember anything that has happened to him for a long time past.

"At least, he wants me to believe so, and I shall never ask.

"He has had some terrible shock, and I fear it might tax his poor brain if he were to try to recall it. Sister Agatha, who is a good creature and a born nurse, tells me that he raved of dreadful things whilst he was off his head. I wanted her to tell what they were; but she would only cross her self, and say she would never tell; that the ravings of the sick were the secrets of God, and that if a nurse through her vocation should hear them, she should respect her trust."

"She is a sweet, good soul, and the next day, when she saw I was troubled, she opened up the subject again, and after saying that she could never mention what my poor dear raved about, added: 'I can tell you this much, my dear, that it was not about anything which he has done wrong himself, and you, as his wife-to-be, have no cause to be concerned. He has not forgotten you or what he owes to you. His fear was of great and terrible things, which no mortal can treat of.' I do believe the dear soul thought I might be jealous lest my poor dear should have fallen in love with any other girl. The idea of my being jealous about Jonathan!"

"And yet, my dear, let me whisper,

"Jonathan Harker, a London solicitor's clerk, takes a long journey to Bukovina to see Count Dracula and arrange for the transfer of an English estate to the Count. In his diary, kept in shorthand, he gives the details of his strange trip, the latter part filled with mysterious and thrilling happenings. Upon his arrival at Castle Dracula he is met by the Count and finds himself virtually a prisoner. The castle itself is a place of mystery with doors all barred, and no servants to be seen. The Count greets him warmly, but his strange personality and odd behavior cause Harker much alarm. In order not to arouse suspicion Harker leads the

Count to tell of his estate and of the history of his family. Later the Count orders him to write his employer he is to stay at the castle for a month. That night he sees the Count crawl down the castle wall like a bat. A series of mysterious incidents follow, and Harker gains an idea of the strange character of his host. One night three women appear in his room but are driven away by the Count in fury. Recognizing his danger he seeks to escape, but finds all avenues of escape closed. Harker discovers the Count wounded and believes him dead. Then the strange developments are told in a series of letters which throw new light on the Count's weird personality.

Old and New
By Jane McLean.

LITTLE maid of old Japan—
The kind they picture on a fan,
Beneath a cherry blossom tree,
Smiling across a cup of tea,
Kimono clad and slippered feet
And drooping lashes shy and sweet,
Conquering with a tiny fan—
O little maid of old Japan.

O little maid of new Japan—
Behind an ostrich feather fan,
With dangerous eyes and marcelled hair
And slipped shoulders white and bare,
With silken hose and fluffy skirt
And knowing well the way to flirt—
O little maid of new Japan.
You are a true American.

Leaves as Chemists

THE leaves which are now falling off and carpeting the lawns and by-ways are veritable chemists.

After a sunny summer day, if you will take a leaf and dip it in a solution of iodine, the green alters, as if by magic, into an indigo tinge. The reason is that the leaf was filled with starch, and the iodine has revealed its presence by a slight chemical change.

Leaves make starch for their plants out of the air we breathe, and out of the rain, and out of a few "salts."

But while the leaf contains starch, proteins and sugar, necessary for the plant's life, it also

Life's Give and Take

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

Working with a Will Makes Any Task Interesting—Even to the Washing of Dishes.



As a rule we get out of work—any work—exactly what we put into it. The person who expects to make a success on the least possible expenditure of energy has failed before he began.

When something that has to be done grows monotonous and tiresome, and the time spent in accomplishing it seems unending, try throwing yourself into it with a will, and watch your interest revive. "All very well," you say, "but how is one to do this?"

The way to begin—and there is everything in beginning—is by doing the thing you dislike just as well as you can possibly do it. This of itself will arouse a certain amount of interest. Encourage this, and you will find yourself a long way upon the path toward being amused.

When you allow yourself to become bored and irritated by your work, all your faculties are depressed

Life's Charge Account

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"CHARGE it, please!" That is the great feminine slogan.

It enables a woman to buy something she can't quite afford in the fond hope that when the bill comes she will have saved the amount that threatens to swamp her.

I am not going to devote this article to a study of the credit system in the stores; what I am going to talk about is life's charge account.

Life keeps books for you and me, mercifully and with complete efficiency. She doesn't quite let you pay as you go, which would be much the cheapest in the long run—witness the store which has no charges and can afford to undersell because it does its business on a cash basis. Life is too clever to run her accounts on a cash basis—too clever or too cruel. It doesn't matter which, since we have to deal with the fact, not a theory.

You break one of life's rules today in the serene assurance that because you are young and vigorous you can afford to make a little overdraft on your health and strength.

You figure it out something like this: "It won't hurt me to go out in pumps and thin stockings to-night, and dance till early morning, and take a few drinks, and eat a few indigestible meals, and drag through my work to-morrow more dead than alive, and be up late to-morrow night. I'm young. I can afford to do that."

But life figures it out something like this: "There's Paul Mason. He's spending more of his health and strength than he has a right to. He's eating ridiculous combinations of food and drinking too heavily. Well, I'll just charge that up against him every time he does it. There's no reason why I should send him the bill to-day. I'll just let the charges accumulate, and he can pay in a lump sum."

Paul Mason runs his bill with life

The Wonderful Eyes of Bees.
A BEE or wasp has two large, compound eyes, which possibly work together and help each other, and are used for near vision; also three little, simple eyes on the top of the head, which are employed separately for seeing things a long way off.